

SLASHERS!



CHAPTER 1

Hello, my name is Nick. I go to Barack Obama High with my two best friends, Roscoe and Chad. We did something incredible that changed our lives forever. We are called the SLASHERS!

So here at Obama High there is a lot of popular people, unfortunately, I'm not one of them. I am shy around people I don't know and people make fun of me but I try to ignore it. When I get in fights everyone says aim for the left eye because I have a scar that happened to me when I was young. My foster parents told me that I was jumping on the couch and fell on the table with my left eye hitting the corner. I don't buy it though. Roscoe played on the football team as a defensive end, but he got kicked off because he got in too many fights. He is big and ripped like professional football players. Most kids avoid him in the halls because they think he is a bully. I think the opposite. Then there's Chad. He is a rough housy kid that looks and acts like the blond headed kid from Bad News Bears. He gets in a lot of fights because he just keeps running his mouth and keeps running from the kids but soon gets caught. But together we are unstoppable. This is how we became best friends.

CHAPTER 2

Roscoe and I were sitting on his front steps listening to our jam. Then we saw Chad sprinting down the streets of Perth Amboy. He made a nice hard cut into an alley. He ran to the end of the alley and there was just a wall, a dead end. Roscoe and I heard the body of someone hit the tin garbage cans. We rushed over there stumbling to help our acquaintance. There were these three ginormous kids, but average size to Roscoe, standing over the helpless Chad.

"Why don't you pick on someone your own size!" Called Roscoe and as he

turned around Roscoe popped him right in the center of his mouth and nose. The kid punched was turned around spitting blood onto the kid next to him on his white flannel. The guy who got punch stumbled over to the corner of a broken up brick wall, smacking his head on it, and falling onto a splinter threatening wooden baseball bat. He landed next to Chad, still laying there.

“ I just got this shirt!” yelled the flannel kid charging towards Roscoe. I decided to step into this and mailed an upper cut right to his jaw. Dizzy, he stumbled to Roscoe and picked him up and tossed him into the adjacent, stinky garbage can as if he was just another crumpled up idea written on a piece of paper. The bad guy who witnessed it all, came at me, eyes closed, swinging punches all over the place. I simply just stepped out of the way and he ran into a steel door head first. I looked around, at Roscoe, at Chad, and at the unconscious bodies laying around. We were a good team i thought because we were.

“Watch out!” screamed Chad. And the first kid Roscoe punched swung the wooden bat at our skulls. Roscoe, with cat like reflexes, ducked but was than kicked right in the face. Than the angry kid looked straight at me with his beady brown eyes, he dramatically walked toward me. I slowly backed up toward the steel door not noticing the kid on the ground behind me. I hit the kid falling back and smacked my head on the ground. I slowly opened my eyes and saw a glimpse of the life threatening kid hold the bat over his head ready to smack my head like it was a watermelon. I closed my eyes ready for impact but all i heard was the clang of the tin garbage can lid hit something hard. I opened my eyes and saw the heroic figure of Chad sticking his hand out to help me up. I grabbed his hand but saw Roscoe punching the kid in the body as if he was a punching bag.

“ Roscoe it’s cool, stop,” I called and Roscoe looked at me than back at the body.

“ Alright my B,” Roscoe replied and spit in his face. “ Let’s go.” And we walked home never to talk about it again. When i got home I layed on the couch and i thought,

“ Even though i have a killer headache and a couple of bruises, this was one of the best days of my life.”

CHAPTER 3

The next day Chad came to Roscoe and I at our lunch table.

“ Guys you have to admit, we are a really good team,” Chad told us.

“ Even though you were on the ground the whole time,” Roscoe replied in a mean attitude.

“ That’s not the point, if we ran away and went some place where we fit in we could be heroes there. Who’s in?” Chad said honestly. He wasn’t kidding.

“ I’ve got nothing to lose, I’M IN!” I said pumped up, now i couldn’t wait.

“ Alright i guess I’m coming ,too,” Roscoe said with a big grin on his face. This could be fun.

We talked about the details in social studies. I also noticed that the kids from the alley weren’t there.

“ That’s weird,” I thought but i guess they are just home chilling icing down there cuts a bruises.

“BRINGGGGGGGG!” The school bell rang and thats the end of this week until Monday. Well at least for them but not for Chad Roscoe and I. When i got outside the school I started to walk home because I had to get cloths for our big trip. As i was walking I saw these three big kids behind me. I got a glimpse at one and he sort of looked familiar. Than it came to me, I saw bruises and cuts. I ran as fast as i could. They started chasing me screaming and hollering things I couldn’t understand because all I heard was the stomping of my feet hitting the pavement. I made a hard right cut onto a dirt road slipping to the ground but putting my hand down to catch my self. I saw the huge baseball field barrier. I got as much speed as i could and jumped as high as i can. I got half way up the fence and flipped over the other half landing on my feet but tucking and rolling. I scrapped my back a little but i couldn’t feel it. I had a good 20 ft a head of them so i could hide or get away. I went into the clubhouse, and ran to the bathroom. As i walk into the bathroom I hit my head on this chin up bar. I thought, “ Man some guy is really desperate to get strong to put a chin up bar in his bathroom, at a baseball field. That’s just weird.” Than I heard the chain link fence clank and I heard three deep voices.

But what scared me was the words from the leader of the gang was, “ KILL HIM!”

My heart sank, I was terrified. I hid behind the door in the shadows hoping i would not be seen.

“ Jeff, go into the clubhouse, and Tim, go into the snack stand, I got the dugouts!” Said the leader. But knowing how scared i am of him i don’t know his name. i know the rest now. That’s weird, too. I heard the bang of the door shutting.

“ Come out come out where ever you are,” said Jeff in a creepy voice.

I thought, “ Wow how corny was that.” Than i saw Jeff looking through the clubhouse with this huge knife that i could mistake it for a dagger or a small sword. Than a light bulb went off in my head and I swung of the chin up bar kicking Jeff right in the back sending him through the window. The dagger was dropped on the roof so I got it jumped off and went to get out of here. Than I saw Tim hustling over to get me. I hoped onto the fence and than Tim grabbed my foot. I took my other foot and kicked him in the face. I could see the anger in his face he yanked my foot and i hit my head the fence bar. I dropped the dagger over by the grass, and I was an arms reach away. I reached for the big knife but my hand was stepped on by Tim. It hurt so bad! Than i kicked his legs causing him to be off balance which bought me enough time to get up. As i got up i saw Tim hurl a punch over at me. I dodged it like the guy in the Matrix. I

came back up, punched him in the gut, than hit him in the face with my left hand. He fell to the ground. I won that battle. I climbed the fence and jogged home.

CHAPTER 4

The next day we set off on our trip to technology. We didn't want anything tracked back to us. We realized this would be a long trip if we walked so we looked for a running car. The gang couldn't find one so I snuck into a dark house and found the shiny objects, the keys. Than we adventured off to the other side of the nation, Tempe, Arizona. Chad did some research about our parents. Apparently, they all live in Tempe.

After about a couple of days we were there. But on our way there I saw this blue old school mustang that was sort of junky. The guy had dark face, sort of creepy looking, but he was probably going to the grand canyon.

Roscoe found a broken down shack so we hunted it down. It was full of spiders and cobwebs. Good thing it was only temporary. We stacked up on food and supplies from our old past homes. Since we were only outside of the grand canyon we decided to sneak there. It was so cool. The view was amazing but what I thought was puzzling was this tiny factory house at the bottom. Than there it was, it all made sense to me.

“ Yo, guys come here,” I called to Chad and Roscoe. We sat at this table like it was a picnic.

“ Whats up?” asked Roscoe.

“ There’s this house thing down at the bottom of the canyon and if our parents wanted to lay low, that would be the place to go. I also so these employees load some tiny backpacks over in the back room of the lobby. I’m pretty sure they are parachutes so we should parachute down and invade that house.” I said dead serious.

“ Alright, so you want us to steal a parachute that we don’t even know if is is a parachute and jump down and just barge in a look for our parents?” Asked Chad seeming really confused.

“ Yes!” I replied.

“ Alright... your nuts!” Chad yelled.

“ I’m serious, I’m positive there down there.” I screamed back at Chad.

“ I’m in!” Roscoe randomly added in.

“ Fine, let’s do this!” Chad added. And there we go.

CHAPTER 6

So tonight we went back to the canyon. Roscoe kicked the lobby doors open. The back room was piled up with random things like head bands with flash lights on them. I grabbed a couple because it was dark. Chad found the parachutes and we got out.

“HEY NICK! I’M BACK!” Said this shadowed figure.

When I squinted i noticed who it was. It was the leader of the people we beat up.

“JUMP!” I shouted and we all jumped.

The wind hitting my face hit me hard. “PULL!” I shouted and we all slowed down and tryed to direct ourselves as close as we could to the house. It was bright white you couldn’t miss it. We slowly opened the door and it was dim light. we walked further into

the small house. I saw stairs so I signaled the gang down there. It was bright light that my eyes hurt when I first went down the stairs. I saw these complicated machines that had weird buttons that I didn't want to touch. You never know what could happen. And the leader I don't even know what he is going to do but I have to watch my back. I saw something that would scar me for life as a kid. People hanging from their feet from rope. There was a long blond haired girl, a dark African American, a tall buff man, and a long brunette woman who was beautiful. I showed Chad and Roscoe.

"Those are our parents definitely." Whispered Roscoe "They look just like us!" Roscoe was right. I don't know them but I had to save them. I can't be an orphan just yet. I scanned the whole place running around getting to cover and all that like in the war. I noticed the blue trashy old school mustang.

I thought, "This guy must be a bad guy of some sorts." Then I saw him. It was the most scary, creepy, and disgusting thing I saw. He took the skin of his face off and it was all red and gooey. I gasped and gave away my position by standing up.

"Oh, Nicholas you decided to show up," the scary man said.

"How do you know my name," I asked.

"I found out from your mother's brain, and I'm guessing Chad and Roscoe are here, too. Their parents' brains told me that as well. Oh also, Calvin should come out. You know your enemy you have been running from." The man said. Everyone stood up even the leader of the gang, Calvin. "Oh where are my manners, my name is Mr. Posseye, and this is my friend Terrel" Mr Posseye said and pointed to a opossum.

I looked at Chad, Roscoe, even Calvin, "GET HIM!" I yelled! We all chased after him. He ran to a wall, ran up it and kicked Chad in the face. Calvin jumped and tackled him to the ground. Mr Posseye punched him in the face twice and left him there. Roscoe and I cornered him. He realized he was done for. He pushed a block on the wall and there was a red button. He pushed it and over the intercom it yelled "Self destruction activated. 1 minute." And it started counting down. Mr Posseye jumped off the wall and Roscoe went to go hit him but missed. Mr Posseye jumped through that gap and ran to his opossum and hit another button. Then the wall opened and it looked like a small spaceship. Calvin went to chase it!

"Calvin, don't, it's not worth it. Let's save our parents and get the heck out of here!" I yelled to him. I cut the rope with the dagger I took from Jeff from the clubhouse. Each family member fell, Except mine. My mom's rope was steel. "GO! GET OUT OF HERE! I'LL BE OK, GO!" I yelled.

"NO YOU CAN'T STAY! YOU'LL DIE, NICK!" Yelled Roscoe.

"TRUST ME ROSCOE! I'LL COME BACK." I yelled back. Roscoe looked at me, then ran with his dad on his shoulders following Chad and Calvin. I thought quick and saw a chain saw. I grabbed it and pulled the cord. It wouldn't start. I pulled again. Still wouldn't start. "God please I need you to help me here!" I pleaded looking up. I pulled

one more time and it started. I cut the cord and caught my mom.

“ 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...” Said the inner com. I dove out the back door while the whole place blew up to shreds. Roscoe, and chad started to tear because they think they lost a best friend. Even Calvin did a little. How do you know I’m still alive? Well I’m telling you this story. I walked out of the flames holding my unconscious mom like a baby. I tried not to turn around because it seemed like it looked heroic. They were all shocked and happy. It was amazing.

We brought our family back to our shack and got them food and water and told things about us to them. They did the same and it felt good. Roscoe, Chad, Calvin, and I became heroes of Tempe, Arizona and became heroes of the grand canyon. We were soon known as THE SLASHERS. I don’t know where that name came from but it stuck and I got use to it. Meanwhile, Mr Posseye was somewhere in space with his opossum. I have a feeling he will be back. When ever he does, I’ll be waiting and I’ll be ready because he killed my father, and he will pay. No matter what it takes, I will get him!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nick Yanik is 13 years old and lives in Edison, New Jersey in a house with his older brother, and his two parents. His birthday is October 5,1998. This is Nick’s first book that has been published. Nick likes to hangout with his friends and likes to play football and other kinds of sports. Nick plays with his dog Zoey a lot and trys to play with his cat, Mystic.